



Weston High School Chronicle

Vol. 1

DECEMBER 19th, 1918

No. 1

It matters not that you failed to win,
That you fell out ere the end.
It matters not that you could not stay,
That the rest from you just walked away,
For your pace you could not mend.
I know you were badly beaten, lad,
And you feel just fit to cry;
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race,
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The Weston High School Chronicle

Vol. 1

DECEMBER 19th, 1918

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Editorial Notes

OUR EFFORTS

At last the first number of our High School Magazine is ready for the eyes of the public! We hope that it will meet with your approval, as we mean to continue it throughout the year. Kindly do not be too critical, O Public,—remember that this is our first attempt; later, when we have had more experience, we will satisfy you better. Everything has a beginning, from the smallest up to the greatest, and we want this to be the beginning of a good, clean school magazine,—a magazine that will be one of the many assets of the Weston High School. It may not amount to much this year,—we hope to get out two or three numbers—but in the future,—well it remains to be seen.

This year not only sees the first number of "The Weston High School Chronicle," but the beginning of our Athletic Association and rugby team. They were handicapped, as was the Literary Society, by the epidemic of influenza which swept over the country. The rugby team sent out two challenges, one to Brampton and the other to Humberstone, but were unable to arrange for a game. We mean to have a hockey team this winter, however, then, O Outside Teams, beware! When the Weston High School girds on her armor and takes the sword of battle in her hand, it is time to throw up your hands and cry, "Kamerad!" We have got the protection boards of the rink up already, although it has been too mild to flood it yet. But enough, Prosy Editor; do not waste any more time or paper!

FOREWORD

We are about to begin a new term in school. Soon the Christmas holidays will have come and gone, then will come the race up, the home stretch of the term against the examinations. Most of us remember in our public school days when we were urged on by the goad of the teacher to put more "pep" into our work because of the Entrance Examinations. Now it comes just naturally to us to begin to "slug" after Christmas. All the teachers seem to realize it too and come fully prepared to give us our money's worth. If the coming term goes as pleasantly as the one just gone, we will be fairly well satisfied. We are not just sure whether we are sorry or glad that this school year is half over. It brings the parting from the old school painfully near to some of us. Every year there is a large number of our members who step out into the world, new ones step in to take their places, and school goes on as before, for better or for worse. We hope that their and our future careers will be a success. But there is not only the parting with the old school for the last time, there is the parting with old and loved friends. One of these painful partings comes

at Christmas. Miss McLellan came to our school only three years ago, and since then she has been popularity personified. Her cleverness, combined with her winning manner and speech, won over the hearts of teachers and students alike. She is herself an ex-pupil of the Old School, graduating in 1908 and completing her studies at the Toronto University, where she received her degree of Bachelor of Arts. Respected as a teacher and beloved as a friend, Miss Mac has been the boy's special champion through thick and thin. Her departure will leave a gap that never can be properly filled—the school without "Mac" will be like Mr. Muldoon without his homework. We must apologize to Miss McLellan. We have not treated her with the same amount of respect as her treatment to us, always fair, warranted. I am sure we all do so and only hope she will forgive and forget our shortcomings, and remember only our better conduct.

WHAT IS TRUTH?

"Well, it is a fine day, sir, but likely to rain! Cold? I should say so! Why the other night when I was going to bed I went to blow out the candle, when I found that the flame was frozen,—had to break it off. When I got up next morning it seemed cold,—fire frozen. Went down to the car, no car,—electricity frozen on the wires.

Then such a cold winter after such a hot summer, too. We certainly have an extreme climate. Why last summer all the ice in my ice-house was red-hot, and as for boiling water,—all I had to do was to go down to the lake. Hot weather good for vegetation though. I saw a tree that was so tall that it took two men and a boy to see to the top of it. The ground-hogs grew so large that my native village employed one to dig an underground railway. My native village was quite a village! The druggist there invented an ointment that if you applied it to the place where an animal's tail was cut off, a new tail would grow. The butcher there used it to good advantage. He applied it to cow's tails, and lo!—new cows grew on the tails! He was a "culled pusson". So black that a piece of charcoal made a white mark on him. He used to be a slave, but escaped to Canada. Shortly after his arrival, I asked him: "Do you realize how glorious it is to be free? Tell me, my dear brother, does it not seem like some dream, or do you realize the great fact in all its living and holy magnitude?" The "culled" pusson" answered that he would have some gin.

"Then there was our blacksmith giant. He was so heavy that the local constable was killed when he was struck by his shadow. You may take my word for it that this is all true! I am a man that keeps my word, too, because nobody else will take it."

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and 338

ALL UNITE

This year we are trying to create what has been termed "The High School Spirit." The Weston High School has been in existence for years now, and as far as we know there has been no attempted reunion of the Old Boys. They graduate, leave the school, and are covered up by the sands of time without any attempt being made to renew old acquaintances. Surely there must be some love for the Old School, some looking back and dwelling on the happy days of high school life. One of the great flaws in the Greek character was the lack of patriotism, the lack of the high school spirit,—don't you think it is one of the flaws in the success of the Weston High School? We have several events during the school year, Hallowe'en and Christmas parties, and the Commencement concert,—turn out to these, Old Boys, and help us along.

Soldiers' Comfort Club Report

In November, 1917, a Soldiers' Comforts Club was organized by the girls of the school for the purpose of sending Xmas boxes to the boys of the school, who had gone overseas. Various methods were suggested by the girls for raising money, to buy the necessary things to fill the boxes. It was decided that booths be erected at the fair grounds on the High

School Sports Day. This proved a great success, and a large sum was realized. This money was invested in wool, gum, overseas chocolate bars, etc., for the boxes.

This year the Club was re-organized. On account of the influenza epidemic, it was necessary to postpone the Sports Day, and our other annual events, so each pupil contributed fifty cents, and we were able to send boxes overseas as we did the previous year. The remaining money was deposited in the bank.

Sec.-Treas., ISABELLE MOFFAT.

PRACTICAL ARITHMETIC

A teacher received the following note from the mother of one of her pupils.

Dear Madam: Please excuse my Tommy today. He won't come to school because he is acting as time-keeper for his father, and it is your fault. You gave him an example if a field is 6 miles around, how long will it take a man walking $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour to walk $2\frac{1}{4}$ times around it. Tommy ain't a man, so we had to send his father. They went early this morning and father will walk around the field and Tommy will time him. Please don't give my boy such examples again, because my husband must go to work every day to support his family.

Literary Society

There is an organization at W. H. S. which claims the name of the Literary Society. It may be termed the financial aid and entertainer of school. The Society is chiefly responsible for all our concerts. It starts all the patriotic movements around the school. Money raised at any of our entertainments, field days, etc., goes into the treasury and is kept tab of by S. Fraser, treasurer. When any special appeal for money comes to him, such as for boards for a rink, etc., these we buy ourselves, the required amount is voted, and the work carried out.

It has for its president D. Morton, who is very keen as regards sports, etc., and who should be able to put the society through creditably, like his predecessor, G. Hoover. Miss O. Masters performs the duty of secretary and does very well indeed. We never have to shout "platform," etc., but she goes right up and reads what should be read, and the way in which it should be read. Mr. J. Dennis was unanimously appointed hon. president, and it is hoped that he will be called upon to take the chair on many occasions.

Our editor, Mr. Sims, is the ideal man for the place. How he gets out the fine papers every two weeks is a mystery to all but the assistant editors, S. R. Bull and E. Mercer. Reporters are plentiful, but very scarce are the reports which they hand in.

Now we consider the education point of view and we see that all the staff and even the audience of the meetings held every two weeks, grasp a knowledge of public speaking, journalistic writing, etc., which cannot be gained any other way. Take the editor, look at the work which he does and which benefits his training along that line. If his tastes are at all literary it will certainly be more than a foundation along that line. It will be practical experience. Surely the president, secretary and treasurer will value their experience when called upon in after years to be president, secretary and treasurer of some society. They will not need to be ashamed of their positions.

Then take the audience. They see what goes on, and how it is conducted. It is as good as a lesson in itself. They remember how to proceed, and do not have to show ignorance when called upon by fellow men and women in the future.

The old W. H. S. feels proud to possess a progressive Society like it has. We certainly think it has done and is doing some great work arranging concerts, etc., etc. This paper is entirely the work of the Literary Society, and we hope to be able to follow it with many more. Now as our parting remark, the Literary Society wish the readers of this paper many happy returns of the season.

The President's Speech

At the first meeting in the year of the Literary Society it has usually been the custom for the president to make a speech, and I suppose that I must consider it my duty to comply with this ancient tradition. I want it understood, however, that speech-making isn't my hobby, but I will do my best.

We want to make our Literary Society this year the best yet, a model for those who follow, which will make them say, "If we can only have as good a year as they had in 1918 and 1919, we'll be satisfied." But before we discuss how to make it the best, let us first see why we have a Lit. There are two outstanding reasons. These are very closely connected, but also very far apart. That seems like an impossibility, but it isn't. We are supposed to come to school to gain a useful knowledge. Our Lit. is one teacher. We are learning and being trained. Sometime in everyone's life they are called upon to entertain or to state their opinions, and the person who is able and willing to do his bit to entertain others or who can get up and state his opinions, beliefs, and reasons clearly and concisely and without embarrassment, is going to be away ahead of the person who can't do this. Although the Lit. teaches us, it is nevertheless a chance to forget ordinary school routine and have a sociable time together. We are having a good time and learning at one time, a thing nearly impossible in ordinary school work. If we are going to make this the best year yet, we must know how to do it. There is only one word that tells us, and that is teamwork. The girls who play basket ball or any other game or pack soldiers' boxes or work in their patriotic society, know what teamwork is and the necessity for it. All the boys know that in any game, hockey, rugby, football, baseball, or any other, it must be played by teamwork. Other years the work has fallen to a few, and usually to those who have least time to give to it. It is for this reason that the Lits. of other years have not been the successes they should have been. Most of the members help elect the officers, pay their fees, though some don't do that, and come to the meetings that they can't escape and think that their part in the Lit. ends there. It doesn't. It just starts. When the officers are elected they are in honor bound to do their best, but what about the voters?

It is the officers' duties to fill their positions properly. It is certain that it is much more the voters' duty to help them. There are many ways of doing this.

When you are asked to assist in a program there are lots of excuses you could offer, but don't do it, forget them, and do your bit. If you can only balance a stick on the end of your nose, do it. There are lots who can. And those who form the audience—don't want to forget that the entertainer is doing his or her best, and no one can do more, so don't sit there and laugh if they make a mistake. Just come up and take your turn.

The reporters are often careless. There are lots of little bits of news or personals around the school, and every little bit helps. You all know what a hard-working man the editor is. Give him a hand.

As for any work that may be given to the form reps. Do it as quickly as possible and to the best of your ability. If the members of the Lit. only think about this and try to help, there will be very little trouble.

The same rules apply outside the Lit. There

Continued on page 7

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GEO. A. McCLURE

Photography

(by F. Keith D'Alton)

Photography—the art of reproducing permanent images by means of the action of light on certain chemicals—has been understood and practised for many years. It has been brought to such a degree of simplicity that very little experience is required for the amateur to produce good results.

We are not surprised to find that many prominent men have assisted in the development of the art and, in consequence, about as many processes have been known. Most of these methods proved unsatisfactory from the point of time required, or the permanency of the result, and naturally, little has been heard of them.

In describing photography as the amateur knows it to-day, we must start with the camera—that dark little box in which we make an exposure on a film or plate. The camera is a device by means of which we obtain a clearly defined image on the sensitive plate and control the length of time during which the light rays are permitted to act on this same film.

Although the above would be a complete camera, there are, of necessity, a multiplicity of other parts such as the "finder," the "focussing device," adjustable "stops," a rising and falling front, and special lenses, all of which help the operator to obtain brighter or sharper images under a wide range of variable conditions.

The first purpose of the finder is to permit the operator to judge the scope of the photograph he is about to make, but the amateur should not forget that he can also use it to determine the relative size of objects and the suitability of the background and foreground of his proposed attempt.

A lens cannot be expected to give a clear image of everything in its range at the same time, but it can be adjusted to give a sharp definition of all objects at any one given distance. This adjusting is called "focussing." Every lens, no matter how valuable, must be focussed; in fact, the more valuable the lens, the more carefully must it be set.

The "stops" of a camera are the most confusing part. This word "stop" is very inappropriately used to mean the size of the opening in the shutter through which the light is permitted to pass. We use a "large stop" or a "small stop", or "stop No. 16", for instance, but this does not in any way affect the size of the photo, nor is the adjustment of the stop used primarily for controlling the amount of light admitted in the way so many misleading instructions advise.

A small stop gives a sharp image and puts into focus objects over a greater range of distance. If you want objects near and far to be in focus, adjust for the average distance and use a small stop, the exposure will take more time (necessitating steadiness in the camera and inaction in the object), but the result will be most satisfactory.

If we tilt a camera in order to take in a tall building, all parallel lines in the object will taper in the result. Some cameras are

provided with a rising front board so that the lens alone may be raised an inch without actually tilting the camera, and this trouble is thus eliminated.

In the earlier types of cameras, there was no lens used. A small pin hole permitted the light to enter and was able to produce reasonably clear images of all objects within the scope of the camera. This method was abandoned on account of the length of time required to make an exposure. The simple cheaper lenses permit more light to enter, thus shortening the exposure, but at the same time giving a much sharper image.

Special, and more or less expensive, lenses have been designed to correct many deficiencies apparent in those of simple form and of common materials. For example:

The tendency of a lens to produce rainbow effects around all bright parts of an image was corrected by making the lens in two parts—one of crown glass and the other of flint glass—and a lens so corrected is said to be "achromatic."

With a simple lens the central portion and the outer portion of the lens do not work together in focussing, and an absolute focus cannot be obtained. This is corrected in the "Rapid Rectilinear" lens.

A simple lens focuses well in the central part of the film, but the edges and corners are very much blurred. The only correction for this is the specially shaped lens termed "Anastigmatic."

Of the processes that have survived that of producing a negative transparency, and from it a positive print, is most common. Numerous instruction books tell us how to do this mechanically, but, no doubt, the chemical side of this will be of interest.

The film or plate consists essentially of some firm backing covered on one side with an evenly distributed coating of a white salt sensitive to the action of light. The salt mostly used is known in chemistry as Silver Bromide, (Ag. Br.) and contains only two parts, silver and bromine. When acted upon by light this salt does not break up, but its parts are loosened. It still remains white, hence the exposed film looks precisely the same as before exposure.

The next part of the process will naturally be that whereby we can show some difference between the firm salt and the weakened salt. This is called "development."

Developing must be carried on in a dark room; the only light we can use is a dim one of ruby color, because the red light rays are very slow to act on the sensitive salt. The film is run through the developing solution and the loosened silver bromide is broken up completely; silver is deposited on the film and the bromine disappears into the solution. Hence black deposits of silver appear on the film for the light parts of the object, and no change takes place where dark parts of the object are to be reproduced.

The film must be fixed so that the unaffected part of the salt will not be changed when we take it out into the light. The fixer, a fixing solution, simply dissolves out the un-

Continued on page 11.

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4 JOHN ST., WESTON

A Letter to the Editor

Slabton Korners, Nov. thirteenth, A.D.
mister henery Slab,
sitty of Weston,
North america.

Dere henery,

I now take my pen in hand to send you a letter as I hev not rote you since you went to the Weston Hi skool to be eddicated. I thot you wood be glad and prowld to no yure old unkel wuz still thinkin of you. i am well and yure paw and maw is well. I seed them last saterday A. M. up to Kleinburg. I wanted yure aunt Marie to kum along only she has fits of palpitashuns of the hart and she wux skeerd that the comoshun and exsitement of the main street of that town wood bring up another fit so she staid to hum.

you hev sum terrible studies. Yure maw told me about them. I dont remember all the big wurds she sed but there wuz one that sounded praktikal. She sed now that you wuz in the forth form you wuz studyin triggerometry. Thats fine. i allus did say thet there orter be one good shot in the fambly. Now you no I hev allus sed thet educashun wuz a good thing, but thet like all goods things it kood be carried too fur. Readin, riting & rithmetic wuz all i had when i went to skool and I went thru the hull skool frum the front door to the back and it hes been all I needed to be a man of publik affairs. I wuz hed speaker at the meetin called to diskuss the grate and important questshun of the settin up of a kole oil lamp on the top of a post at the korners. Now i no thet kole oil kosts 30 sents a gal but I am a progressive man and I sez, sez I, Slabton korners must keep pace with the grate strides the 20th sentury is makin along the hiway of time. This is a sentury of enlitenment & illuminashun, sez I, and we must hev thet lamp. We got it.

Wall, to resume & kontinue. i konsidered thet what edducashun wuz good fur me wuz good fur eny man and thet the hi-falutin doins at the hi skool wuz onecessary. But now thet they are gittin praktikal, go ahead, sez I, and git all you kin git. I here they are startin nite skool so you kin git sum ektsra praktise at nite. When you kum home at Xmas kum and see us and we will hev a crack at shootin rabbits down to the swamp.

Speekin of Xmas reminds me of sekret. yure aunt Maria is nittin you a pare of mits checked red and yellow fur to ware to skool. Ill bet the other fellas will wish they hed sum too. i thot i wood let you no in case you wuz thinkin of gittin a new ty fur when you kum home, you mite git one to match.

Yure maw sed thet you sed thet all the boys sed you wuz a grate feller and all the pritty gurls wuz so admirin of you that they wuz goin to make you presidunt of sum literary sasiety. i spoze thet is a klub made up of buddin authurs & authuresses. Yure maw sed they wuz larning you to rite descriphun and narrashun. I saw an authur once, he wuz ritin a patent medisun almanack book. He hed long hare and a plug hat and peddled bottuls of the medisun around the kountry and then interviewed the survivurs. I give mine to the

pigs, it didnt hurt them eny. I got 50 sents fur tellin him how much good it done me. Yure maw sez thet you hev a grate authur in the thurd form of yur skool and thet he hes long hare too, leastaways in the front. Purhaps he will git fur enuff sum day to rite an almanack too.

I wish you wood tell me what perfeshun you are goin to be in so i kin tell pepul who ask me whether you are goin to be a doctor or a horse surjin or a book ajunt or a short-hand riter or a precher or what. Yure maw sez you are going to the unerversity to take an arts kourse. Wall, wall, so you are goin to be an artist, be you? Who wood hev thet it? You will be able to take pickshurs fur nuthin, now wont you? Yure paw sez thet if you dont mind yure ps & qs you are goin to be a stone-braker.

Who is hed techer up to yure skool? Does he lambaste the skolars much? I guess sum of them smart alecks need it bad. If he shoold need a hickery stick i no where he kin git a good tuff one.

Say now, seein as how you are spozed to no so much, tell me what kinder flag this camouflag is thet I reed about in the paper. When peece kum, I thot i wood git sum new flags & git the latest stile but the storekeeper sed he hed never heerd tell of one of thet kind. Next time you go to Toronto sittu call in at mister Eatuns and git one. I spoze his store is bigger than the one at Kleinburg. You mite tell him how we like lookin at his book with all the pickshurs in it. I git the lend of it from yure maw.

We are all quite well and hopping thet this will find you the same i will hereby draw myself to a close; amen, P. S. rite soon,

ever yure affeckshunate unkel,

Josiah Ebenezer Slab.

Aunt: "Has anyone been at these preserves?"
(Dead silence.)

"Have you touched them, Jimmy?"

Jimmy: "Pa never allows me to talk at dinner."

Literary Society

Continued from page 3.

are some fellows who like to go and sit with their feet against the stove at one of the stations while some others stay at the school and work at the rink or at other things, but when there is skating they will all stay. As a motto for the Lit. a better one couldn't be chosen than "Be a Booster, not a Knocker!"

Now that the war is practically over, the whole world is preparing for a great forward movement, and the Literary Society of Weston High School must be in the movement. Let us start our year with the idea of the best yet, and it will be the best if we all pull together and look ahead.

There are some of you who are in a back water and some who are merely drifting, and a few who are rowing full strength. Get out with the current where things move fast, and show what you're made of.

MINUTES OF THE LITERARY SOCIETY FOR 1918 - 19

The first meeting of the Literary Society for the year 1918-19 was held Friday afternoon, November 22nd.

It was moved by H. Sims, seconded by W. Warren, that G. Canning be secretary for the meeting. Carried.

Election of officers took place by ballot.

President, D. Morton; secretary, O. Master; vice-president, B. Thornburn; treasurer, S. Fraser; editor of paper, H. Sims; assistant editors: E. Mercer, B. Bull, by acclamation.

The meeting adjourned at four o'clock p.m.

The following day the different forms elected their representatives, seven reporters:

Form 1a—Representatives, Aileen Moffat Victor Ward; reporters, Edith Hollinsworth, Bert Lacey.

Form 1b—Representatives, Reta Banks and Dennis Harris; reporters, Olive Boone and Jack Harris.

Form 2—Representatives, Jean Cameron and Clarke Griffith; reporters, Aileen Lacey and Foster Pierson.

Intermediate—Representatives, Lester Varcoe, Thelma Coleman; reporters, Margaret Burrage, Everett Cathcart.

Form 3—Representatives, Janet Skelton and Lawrence Lyons; reporters, D. Pearson and Gordon Canning.

A meeting of the executive was held on November 26th. The president presided. It was decided that the president should be a commit-

tee of one to secure the protection boards for the rink.

The editor brought up the question of having our paper printed two or three times a year. However, nothing was definitely decided on this matter, and the meeting adjourned.

The second meeting of the Weston High School Literary Society was held Friday, December 6th. The president in the chair.

The meeting opened with the National Anthem by the school, after which the president gave a short speech on what we must do this year to make our society a success. The first part of the paper was read by the editor, which caused much applause on the part of the school as a result of its wit and cleverness.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

The subject of what the high school boys have done in the war was ably spoken on by Lawrence Lyons. This was followed by the singing of the Marseillaise by the whole school.

Dorothy Pearson then spoke on what the high school girls have done in the war, which was well given. The second part of the paper was read by Elnor Mercer, followed by a piano selection by Janet Skelton, which was appreciated by all.

Mr. Pearson gave the school a short address, speaking mainly of our high school boys who have so nobly done their share in the Great War.

The meeting adjourned at 4.30 p.m.

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Deer Hunting

(By One Who Knows.)

PART I.

Two celebrated doctors of a celebrated town,
Agreed to go a-hunting,
And their patients leave alone.

Thrice happy was the moment
When they left all ills behind,
And quickly sped to forest-wilds
Resolved on game to find.

The sun shone bright above them,
The autumn woods were gay
As these two ardent hunters
Through thickets made their way,
With guns all cocked and ready,
With eyes so quick to view
Right the gentle deer
Might fear and tremble too!

From early morn till even
They searched in vain their prey,
Which only seemed determined
To get out of the way.
When oh! the joy and gladness,
As pressing through a wood,
They came upon a clearing
In which a deer stood.

It stood out right before them —
The noblest of his kind,
As these two weary hunters
Ahiding sought to find,
Where they might gaze upon him
A careful shot to make,
That so to promised friends at home
A venison they might take.

Off went the guns, — so did the deer,
Ne'er to be seen again;
'Twas hard to find in any place
Two more despondent men.
The deer he fled with rapid flight,
And when his comrades saw,
He told them not to tremble
Or trouble any more.

Nor did they e'er behold them
Or game of any kind,
As sadder and far wiser men,
Their homeward way they wind.
Resolved to leave to other hands
The tracking of the deer,
The squirrel, and the chipmunk,
The owl and grizzly bear.

Now as they journey onward
A wigwam soon they spy,
An Indian sitting by his tent,
A deer, too, hanging by.
Ah, coveted prize! a bargain then
With him they quickly make;
Contented then, and much relieved,
Their homeward way they take.

The praises of brave hunters
Their joyful steps attend,
To friends a "bit o' venison"
With compliments they send.
All ye who eat the venison,
And ye who read this lay
Who would not go a-hunting
Upon an autumn day.

PART II.

The scene was changed.
Oh! sweet the taste of venison,
Though caught by Indian hands;
And so again these hunters
Wend their way to forest lands.

Their hearts are light and happy,
No dreadful dread they know;
Experience taught a lesson—
They know just where to go.

Their trusty friend the Indian,
Smoking beside his door,
Soon spies them coming to him,
And a smile his visage o'er.

In answer to their queries,
He smiles and points within:
They enter and behold with joy
Two deer—the finest seen!

They quickly make a bargain,
Their grateful thanks they tell,
And to their friend the Indian,
They bid a fond farewell.

O day of joy and gladness!
O autumn woods so gay!
O golden leaves, O forest trees!
O glorious hunting-day!

The praises of crack sportsmen
Once more their steps ascend,
A goodly piece o' venison
To friends they duly send.

All ye who eat the venison!
With me, ye will advise
Who eat in blissful ignorance,
'Tis folly to be wise!

Wills of great men oft remind us,
We can make our deaths exciting,
And departing, leave behind us,
All our wife's relations fighting.

Can you buy a cap for your knee,
Or a key for a lock of your hair?
Can your eyes be called an academy
Because there are pupils there?

Who travels the bridge of your nose?
Can you in slateing the roof of your
mouth
Use the nails off the ends of your toes?

Can the crook of your elbows be sent to
jail?
If so, what did it do?
I'll be hanged if I know, do you?

CASUALTIES

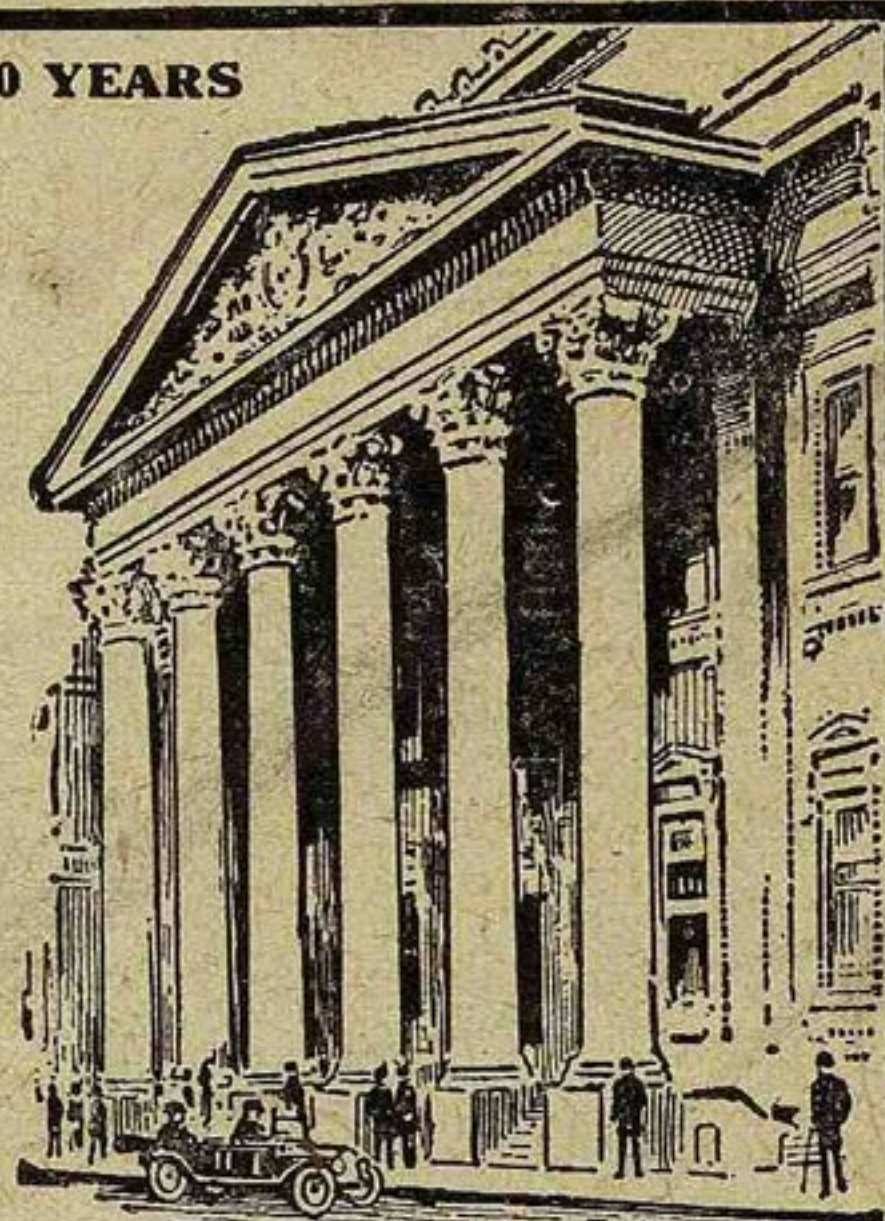
1. A boy fell into a molasses barrel—and his mother licked him.
2. A man in Canada Cycle came to work half shot, and was fired.
3. A deaf and dumb man went into a wagoner's, fell over a wheel—and spoke.

BANK OF MONTREAL

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Consistent Saving

The systematic and consistent saving of money, is a duty which devolves upon every one of us. The Bank of Montreal will open Savings Accounts on receipt of \$1 and accept thereon deposits of \$1 and upwards.



HEAD OFFICE, MONTREAL.

N. J. McEwen, Manager,

Weston.

Boiling it Down

(All newspapers are obliged to curtail space because of the scarcity of newsprint.)

I wrote a sonnet to my love
And sent it to the press,
And stood aghast when I perused
The condensation mess.
The morning glories in her hair
Were cut to A. M. G.
The nectar she dispensed at four
Was chopped to P. M. T.
Imperious was cut to Imp,
And elfin-like to El.
Simplicity was written Simp.
Melodious was mel.
Her chic and ornate dress so cut
Was rendered C. O. D.,
And tendrils curled around her brow,
Was cut to Ten C. B.
Her foolish little mouth was Fool,
Her tiny feet were tin;
Her Violet eyes were written Vile,
Sincerity was Sin;
Her Soulful Eyes, that skipper scribe,
He put 'em down S. E.
The Dimples in her cheek were Dim.,
Vivacity was V.
Her Ownest Kisses (artful scamp),
He put 'em down O. K.
The Damask on her cheek was Dam,
Virginia was Va;
Her Pure and Docile Quietude

There is a man who never drinks,
Nor smokes, nor chews, nor swears;
Who never gambles, never flirts,
And shuns all sinful snares.—He's paralyzed.

There is a man who never does
Anything that is not right.
His wife can tell just where he is
At morning, noon and night.—He's dead.

Johnny S. to Grace G.:—
It may be your smile and it may be your wink,
And it may be the way you frown;
But whatever it be, it is strong enough
To be turning me upside down.

It may be your eyes and it may be your hair,
And it may be the way you walk,
But whatever it be, it's gone to my head,
And it gives me the sootherin' talk.

It may not be years, and it may not be days,
Nor even an hour at all;
But to look at you a minute is heaven enough
To last till the judgment call.

Was rendered P. D. Q.
The Same Old Song was S. O. S.
And Fluency was Flu.
I signed the poem with my name,
Fact is I own just three:
'Tis Montmorency Ulysses
Toosopht—some name you see,
And just to save a line of space,
He wrote it M. U. T.

The High School Police Force

Up to November, 1918, the Great Northwest Mounted Police held the rank of first in the world's "guardians of the peace." "Why up to November?" you ask. "Are they not as efficient now as they were six months ago?" Why most certainly they are. They are a very efficient body of men, but there is now an organization that is more efficient, it was not because the express train was going any slower than the aeroplane overtook it,—so it is with the G.N.W.M.P.

On one fine Monday afternoon, a gold letter day for the history of civilization, an assembly of the male population was called, Mr. Pearson, the leader of the Opposition, in the chair. He opened a fierce attack on the ways and methods of the party in power and openly denounced several prominent members. He wound up by declaring that the Government would have to swear in special constables, or go out of power. The government, fearful lest they should come out second best, quickly complied with his demands. Election took place openly,—one constable for every farm, with the leader of the government as sergeant. The constables' duties were to begin at once.

Once parliament was dismissed, however, the police made a secret treaty with the government. The government immediately took advantage of the treaty and held a peace conference in the assembly hall, in which boxing-gloves, a rope, benches, the piano stool, and the piano played an important part as missiles. By the way, I made a mistake in spelling a minute ago,—I meant a piece conference.

It is said that "a house that is divided against itself must fall." Well, it wasn't quite the same in this case—the piano-stool fell and then divided against the floor. But though the piano-stool divided, the pieces multiplied. A youth, who was in the gallery as a harmless spectator, received a black eye when the piano hit him. It might be added that there wasn't a perfect piece to be found anywhere.

The leader of the Opposition immediately called a mass meeting of the members of the police force, and the assembly hall was closed. Various indignation meetings were held in the corridors. These meetings decided that school would be closed for good, and that the leader of the Opposition would lead an expeditionary force, consisting of the three other tyrants, into Siberia. Various persons were elected to break the news to the leader of the Opposition, but as everyone declined on account of business, it was agreed to allow the matter to stand over.

Sunday School Teacher: "Have you ever been baptized, Johnny?"

Johnny: "Sure, ma'am; I have the mark on my arm yet."

The liver is an infernal organ.

Vacuum is nothing with the air sucked out of it put up in a pickle bottle—it is very hard to get.

Photography

Continued from page 5.

changed salt. Now on the film the black parts cannot get darker, and on the light parts there is nothing that will be affected by light, so the result is permanent.

We print through the film onto a sensitized piece of paper and develop and fix in the same way as before. This is also a reversal process, the print is the reverse of the film, which in turn is the opposite of the object, and the two such changes give us a print similar in light and shade to the object itself—a positive.

There are daylight processes producing brown results. In these we print by sunlight, changing a slower acting chemical and tone. In toning, we use a solution of gold and replace the silver by the gold, thus getting an attractive sepia print.

The ordinary film that we buy is said to be "orthochromatic". How many amateurs have wondered what this means and how important this is in making pictures! "Correct color," or "corrected for color," will at the same time translate and explain the term. The film is so made that it will be sensitive to the same range of color as the human eye, or as nearly so as possible. The general property of the salt is to be very sensitive to blues, partly so to yellows, and very little to reds. By making the film body of yellow material, it permitted the yellow light to "soak in", as it were, and thus raised the sensitivity for this color as compared with blue light, which does not thus penetrate.

The film, however, is not made very much more sensitive to red, as such was not conveniently possible. It is perhaps, fortunate that this was not overcome, for we would then have to develop our films in total darkness.

No thoroughly satisfactory method of photographing color has been found. The best we can do is to reproduce color by photography, an entirely different thing. In the most common process, three photos are made from the same object,—one through red glass, one through yellow, and one through blue. Three transparent results are produced, each printed in the color through which it was taken, and all superimposed. A yellow overlapping blue produces green, blue and red give purple, and yellow and red give orange, we can obtain all colors or combinations of colors in the object. The superimposed results give a very pleasing reproduction in natural color.

The amateur may apply this principle in the use of a ray filter, consisting of an orange glass. In photographing clouds without this device, blue and white are equally active. With the ray filter, however, the blue is held back and in the result the clouds are more easily discernable against the sky. The result, of course, is printed in black and white.

He comes from the pasture field lazy,

Where the mild-eyed Jerseys browse—

And we ask how he grew 'midst the daisies,

And escaped the omnivorous cows.

The Canadian Bank of Weston Commerce Ontario

IS NOW OPEN AND IS PREPARED TO TRANSACT
A BANKING BUSINESS OF EVERY
DESCRIPTION

You Are Cordially Invited to Call

C. B. MILLAR, Manager.

The Burglar and the Editor

A burglar climbed into an editor's room—
Needy and poor was he—
And he saw in the dim, uncertain gloom,
With legs as long as the stem of a broom,
A pair of trousers—"I'll just freeze to 'em,"
He chuckled with fiendish glee.

He lifted them up from the back of a chair;
Lightly they hung on his arm;
They were the editor's only pair,
Thinner than gossamer everywhere;
Oh, but the knees were worn and bare,—
Good clothes when the weather is warm.

All over the room he searched in vain;
There were no more to find;
There was no sign of sordid gain,
No passing drops from a golden rain,—
Only the wealth of the sleeper's brain,
The peach of the editor's mind.

He turned his back on that happy home,
Thoughtfully hefting his pants;
Out of the window he cautiously clumb,
He emptied the pockets, a broken comb,
A stub of a pencil, a manuscript poem,
Answered his searching glance.

He started; the tears flashed into his eyes;
He leaned up against the fence;
A look of pitying, mute surprise
Softened his face; he stifled his cries;

He looked at his swag and measured its size;
Value—About nine cents.

Into his pockets—his own—he went,
And dragged out a ten dollar bill;
And he hastily crammed it every cent
Into the editor's pocket and bent
The trousers into a wad and sent
Them over the window sill.

Then to a wealthier house he sped—
" 'Twas charity well bestowed,"
He said to himself; and when night had fled,
And the editor rose from his virtuous bed
And found the money, he whistled and said:
"Well, I am essentially blowed!"

VERY SIMPLE

Son: "What is a periphrasis?"

Father: "It is simply a circumlocutory and pleonastic cycle of oratorical sonorosity, circumscribing an atom of ideality lost in a verbal profundity."

Son: "Thanks."

He wondered why his wife suddenly turned cold on him and remained so for several days. For all that he said in remonstrance was:
"My dear, you'll never be able to drive that nail with a flatiron. For heaven's sake, use your head."

For Sale

ONE GERMAN MACHINE—1914 MODEL

(By Ewart McLaughlin)

This machine follows the very latest lines in "grab all" design, and by looking closely at the body you can see the "Teuton finish." It was constructed under the personal supervision of one Bill Hohenzollern, who has been working at the trade for thirty-five years, assisted by experienced machinists like Hindenburg, Mackensen, Von Tirpitz, Ludendorf and Bill's eldest son, Fred, who might have inherited the machine had it not been found necessary to dispose of it on account of family troubles and to close an estate.

It is constructed of German "steal" and has a genuine Prussian "clutch," which has, however, loosened a little of late. As originally built, it was only equipped with forward speeds, but after a rather prolonged argument with the allies about the matter at the Marne, a reverse gear was installed. This proved so successful that several additional gears have been put in and no machine can now show more speed when in reverse.

The ignition is of the old "make-and-break" treaty type, and Ferdi, of Bulgaria, supplied the "master vibrator." However, it has been said that the whole ignition system is all "bosh," and is of the "duall" type.

The slipping of a Turko-Bulgar cog has rendered the machine practically useless unless a new "third member" is found.

The steering gear is a punk affair, as Bill has four times started out for the Channel Ports and Paris, but could not hold to the road.

Great things were expected from the "shock absorbers" with which it was equipped, but these have been mostly absorbed by Foch.

The wheels are supplied with Turkish Jordan tires, which are quick detachable (Allenby patents).

The headlights are of the "flame throwing" type, but proved ineffective on account of the "back-glare" which soon followed.

The warning signal — the Golden Horn — was at first prominently displayed, but has now been concealed.

The rear axle is of the semi-floating type, but the floating half hasn't been giving good satisfaction, being inactive at Kiel.

The top—now obsolete—is of the Zeppelin style, and goes down very easily.

The windshield is still on the job, but will not shield Bill much longer.

The front axle is of the "I Been" type, and stood up well on the smooth Bolsheviki roads of Russia, but is entirely unsuited for touring the rough country of France.

The springs have given a great deal of trouble—especially the spring of 1918.

The mud guards are of the ordinary style, but it is thought that Bill's ideas now run to the heavy "crown fender" design.

The "rocker" arms are very strong and well centred—they belong to Marshal Foch.

The carburetor is well supplied with royal hot air, but in spite of this, the machine lost a lot of pep at Verdun and Vimy Ridge, which it has been unable to recover.

Charlie Perhapsburg of Vienna consented

to ride in it, and says it is the roughest going he ever tried and that it is liable to jolt his head off any time.

Bill's stockholders have become discouraged and desire to sell out to someone, and altho the machine is junk, they don't want the junkers to have it for fear they will continue to operate it in spite of the enormous upkeep cost.

This engine was a very easy starter, but because Bill neglected to supply the machine with an emergency brake for quick stopping, it is likely he will lose his job and become more interested in the manilla hemp industry. When his machine goes to pieces, perhaps Bill will say he lost it, due to trouble with his engine Balkan.

In the meantime, in spite of anything appearing above, the machine is in good "running" order, and Bill gives a demonstration of this feature daily.

For further information or more particulars, apply to Foch & Co., Unlimited, who are forcing an assignment of the House of Hohenzollern, the chief dealers in autocracy and owners of the machine in question.

Note: Since this article was written there has been a general assignment of all the dealers in the autocracy line and divine right business, and, as a result, the above machine is of use only as a relic or an antique, altho it is of considerable value as a model of how not to design in the future.

An Umbrella

To place your umbrella in a rack indicates that it is going to change owners.

To open it quickly in the street means that somebody's eye is going to be put out.

To shut it that several hats are going to be knocked off.

An umbrella carried over the woman, the man getting only the dripping, signifies courtship.

An umbrella carried over the man, the woman getting only the dripping signifies marriage.

To punch an umbrella into a person and then open it means, I dislike you.

To trail your umbrella along behind you means that the man behind is thirsting for your blood.

To place a cotton umbrella beside a nice silk one means "Exchange is no robbery."

To press an umbrella upon a friend saying, "Take it, I would much rather you would than not," signifies that you are lying.

To carry an umbrella just high enough to put out men's eyes and knock off men's hats signifies, "I am a woman."

To lend an umbrella means, "I am a fool."

The Reverend Doctor Hall said that every blade of grass was a sermon. The next day he was amusing himself by cutting his lawn, when a parishioner said: "That's right, doctor, cut your sermons short."

Rather Foolish

A shrewd lad with a keen sense of humor, tracing the growth of the power of Parliament during the time of the Tudors, stated:

"In the reign of Elizabeth the Commons were always petitioning the Sovereign to marry; a thing they would not have dreamt of doing at the time of Henry the Eighth."

Around Eton the mythical legend grew that Waterloo was won on its cricket ground. Be that as it may, it is in a very real sense sacred ground for generations of Englishmen who have won fame on the fields of Empire.

* * *

The class in English history was in session and the professor was telling of the impressionable age at the time of the Elizabethan era. After speaking for some time on the subject, he turned to one of the young men and asked:

"How old was Elizabeth, Mr. Holmes?"

The young man wore a far-away expression.

"Eighteen on her last birthday, sir," came the reply.—Lippincott's Magazine.

* * *

A teacher had as a topic for composition, "Baseball." She told the pupils to write a composition on the last baseball game they had seen.

Johnnie wrote:

"Rain—No game."—Chicago Journal.

Teacher: "Do you know, Tommy, when shingles first came into use?"

Tommy: "I think when I was between five and six years, ma'am."

* * *

Glancing hastily down the pages of Tommy Jones' examination papers, the teacher's heart thrilled over Tommy's unexpectedly good showing, for not one of the questions remained unanswered. But upon subjecting the paper to a more careful perusal her pride in Tommy's proficiency had a fall. After seven of the ten questions Tommy had written politely: "I am sorry that this is a subject on which I have no information."

* * *

(Home Sweet Home, in 'Bostonese.)

Boston has been having an Old Home Week and this is what they are singing in that cultured city, according to the New York Mail:—

'Mid gratifications and magnificent dwellings,

Though we may perambulate,

Be it ever so unostentatious,

No location exists similar to the domicile.

Chorus

Home, home, dulcet, saccharin abode.

Be it ever so unpretentious,

There's no situation comparable to the hearth domestic.

The International Harvest Co'y. GASOLINE ENGINE GIVES VALUE FOR THE MONEY

Look at these prices

1½ h.p. sells F. O. B. Hamilton for	\$ 89.00
3 h.p. sells F. O. B. Hamilton for	139.00
6 h.p. sells F. O. B. Hamilton for	254.00

You will make no mistake if you invest in one of these engines at this price.

B. T. EQUIPMENT gives results and takes away a lot of hard and dirty work. For sale by

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BARKER & CO.

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254

Legal Questions and Advice

Westover, E., Weston: Foster Pearson insulted me. What should I do about it?

Ans. Do not hurt him. Tell his mother.

Bull, F., Weston: What are the recognized excuses for not doing home work?

Ans. The excuses for not doing homework are so numerous that we cannot deal with them in this article; however, the following are some of the most numerous:—

I left my book at home (as in the case, Dufton vs. Warren.)

Forgot to do it (Pearson vs. III. Form.)

Left my book at home (Graeb vs. Lyons, Morton, Sims).

Didn't have notes on it (Pearson vs. School).

Couldn't do it (Dufton vs. II. Form.)

Electric lights went out (Pearson vs. Sims).

Out last night (Graeb, Dufton, vs. Mercer).

Didn't have time (Teachers vs. Editors).

These excuses are out of date, however, and the jury generally pass the verdict of "guilty."

Hollinsworth, E.: One of the staff objected to my eating apples in school. I find that I am totally unable to do Latin if I do not brace myself the period before with a good Northern Spy. What should I do about it?

Ans.: Our advice is to bribe the said teacher with a couple.

Muldoon, J.: Can you tell me the exact mortality due to Caesar, for the year 1917-18? My brother took it, though very lightly.

Ans.: The official figure of deaths from Caesar for the fiscal year ending March 31, 1918, is 689,938, or 66.234 per cent. of the total High School attendance. Caesar has become as great a menace to High Schools in recent years as he was to the Menopi and Britons of olden times. His books fully bear out Shakespeare's saying that "the evil that men do lives after them."

Baldock, S.: Somebody "took" my Latin and Algebra text books. What should be my procedure?

Ans.: You should appear in school very early in the morning, make a tour of the desks, and select the best text books that you can find.

Vaughn, L.: What is Algebra?

Ans.: Algebra is that which you use when you don't know what you are talking about.

Moffat, F.: Why are Botany and Zoology studied together? What is the connecting link between the animal and vegetable kingdom?

Ans.: The connecting link between the animal and vegetable kingdom is "hash."

Saunders, J.: What was the reason that the leaders in the Jacobite risings did not "hang together?"

Ans.: Because they hung separately.

Mathers, W.: What is the surgical instrument most commonly used for operations?

Ans.: A pen-nib is preferred by most, although some surgeons use a compass point.

Wardlaw, C.: What is a circle?"

Ans.: A circle is a figure contained by a straight line.

Farr, M.: In your opinion, Mr. Editor, what did the Israelites first do when they came out of the Red Sea?

Ans.: Well, in all our experience in such

cases, the most common thing to do first would be to dry themselves.

Gardhouse, M.: What would have happened to Henry the 4th of France had he not been murdered?

Ans.: He would probably have died a natural death.

Lacey B.: What is a retreat?

Ans.: A retreat is a negative charge.

Master D.: What are lines of force?

Ans.: Lines of force are commonly known as compliments.

A play-bill says that the thieves' part will be played by the amateurs of the town.

Why will not a pin stand on its point?

EASY WAY TO REMEMBER DATES

Take the battle of Waterloo for instance:—
Take the twelve apostles, i.e. 12. Take the twelve apostles, i.e. 12, again, and divide by 2, i.e. 6. Add the twelve and six, i.e. 18. Take the twelve apostles again, i.e. 12, and divide by 4, i.e. 3. Add the twelve and three, that is 15. Put the 18 and 15 together: 1815. N.B. This method may be more easily worked out if the date be first memorized.

It will be noticed that now the snow is on the ground and the "old bus" is safely packed away, the board have been kind enough to build us a bicycle shed!!

W. E.
Coleman

MEN'S FURNISHINGS

—and—

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Puns and Parodies

1.

Little Willie—pair of skates—hole in ice—
pearly gates.

2.

Little Willie on the tracks
Didn't hear the engine squeal.
Now the engine's coming back,
Scraping Willie off the wheels.

3.

"Mary had a little lamb."
You've heard that tale before,
But have you heard that Mary passed
Her plate to have some more.

4.

Old Mother Hubbard went to the upboard
Just to quench her thirst,
But when she got there, the cupboard was bare,
Her old man had been there first.

5.

The boy stood on the burning deck,
Adown the flood of years,
Maude Muller on a summer's day
Lay dying in Algiers.
Man wants but little here below
Thy cold, gray crags, O sea!
'Tis sweet to hear the watchdogs bark
Across the sands o' Dee.
She was a phantom of delight,
That man was made to mourn.
The mill will never grind again
Only five grains of corn.

Come into the garden, Maude,
And list to me tell
How brave Horatius kept the bridge
An old oaken bucket that hung by the well.

6.

He courted a gem of a girl,
And told her that she was his pearl;
But when they were married,
Her ma came and tarried,
Although he didn't like mother-of-pearl.

7.

What is spirit? No matter.
What is matter? Never mind.
What is mind? It's immaterial.

Teacher: "Dont' you love the pretty, pretty
robins, with their sweet, sweet songs?"

Richardson: "Yes'm, only I can't never hit
the darned things."

The High School Staff

MABEL E. GRAEB, M.A.
(Moderns)

LENA DUFTON, B.A.
(Classics)

MARY McLELLAN, B.A.
(Mathematics)

ALEXANDER PEARSON, B.A.
(Science, Commercial, Agriculture)
Principal.

WESLEY S. FARLEY BARBER

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Tobacconist

We have a good assort-
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SMOKERS'
SUNDRIES

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R. H. MACINNES

Electrical Engineer
& Contractor

MAIN STREET
WESTON

I carry a full stock of
Electrical Supplies.

Students who are interested in Elec-
tricity would do well to consult me
when buying material to experiment
with.

Fixtures, Irons, Toast-
ers, Shades, Etc., West-
inghouse Lamps.

Wiring done. Estimates free. Wir-
ing of occupied houses my specialty.

Repairs. Phone 271

Honor Roll Weston High and Public Schools

The time has come when Weston should sum up her contribution to the cause of right and liberty in the Great War. The town has an honorable record, and the facts should be obtained while they are still fresh in the minds of the people.

As a contribution towards this, the Board of Education, in co-operation with the principals of both schools, have compiled the list printed below of upwards of one hundred and fifty names of the pupils and ex-pupils from both schools who have served with the colors in the Great War.

It is not suggested that the list is either complete or accurate in every particular; but it is as complete as the records at our disposal will provide.

The Board and the principals of the schools will welcome information as to additional names or connections.

The list includes those who were discharged before their units went overseas or who never got out of Canada. While it was not their fortune to see active service, they placed themselves at the disposal of their country, and it was not their fault that they did not get over. As a matter of fact there are only an extremely small percentage who did not get at least as far as England, and those would have gone overseas if the war had lasted a few months longer. We have placed at the head of the list and in alphabetical order through the list and designated by an asterisk the names of sixteen pupils who made the supreme sacrifice while in uniform. It is hoped that this list is now complete and closed.

R. FLYNN,
Chairman Management Committee,
Board of Education, Weston.

HIGH SCHOOL HONOR ROLL (83 Names)

J. P. ALLEN	A. HILL
*A. BAGG	B. IRWIN
C. BOAKE	R. JAFFRAY
J. C. BOYLAN	F. JACKSON
G. BRENT	O. KINGDOM
F. L. BULL	H. LINDSAY
J. BULL	T. LINDSAY
W. BELL	B. LEAVENS
J. B. BARKER	R. LINDSAY
*B. L. CUMPSTON	G. LOUGHEED
*G. CAMPBELL	SIR JAS. LOUGHEED
*H. COOK	G. M. LYONS
H. CHARLTON	A. LEE
S. CHAPMAN	H. McDONALD
F. CHURNSIDE	E. MACKLIN
J. COULTER	W. C. MITCHELL
C. COULTER	*E. MORGAN
R. COULTER	*R. M. G. McRAE
ROY COULTER	C. MAUSER
H. COLES	A. C. MOORE
COL. J. S. DENNIS	A. MOORE
H. DOUGHTY	K. McKITTERICK
R. DOBSON	W. B. McGILVRAY
H. DOTY	W. McCUTCHEON
C. DELWORTH	W. McLEAN
G. FARR	W. MARTIN
W. GARDHOUSE	H. E. PEAREN
*O. GARBUTT	*W. F. PEAREN
*G. HAMILTON	G. PENTLAND
F. HAMILTON	G. PORTER
H. HAMILTON	F. ROWNTREE
W. HADDOW	F. W. ROWNTREE
G. HADDOW	W. RODWELL
R. HEWGILL	E. RIGGS
R. HESLOP	G. RAMSAY
C. HILL	C. RUNDLE

F. SIMPSON
H. SEVENY
P. SMITH
R. SMITH
R. STUART
R. TEALE
L. VARDEN

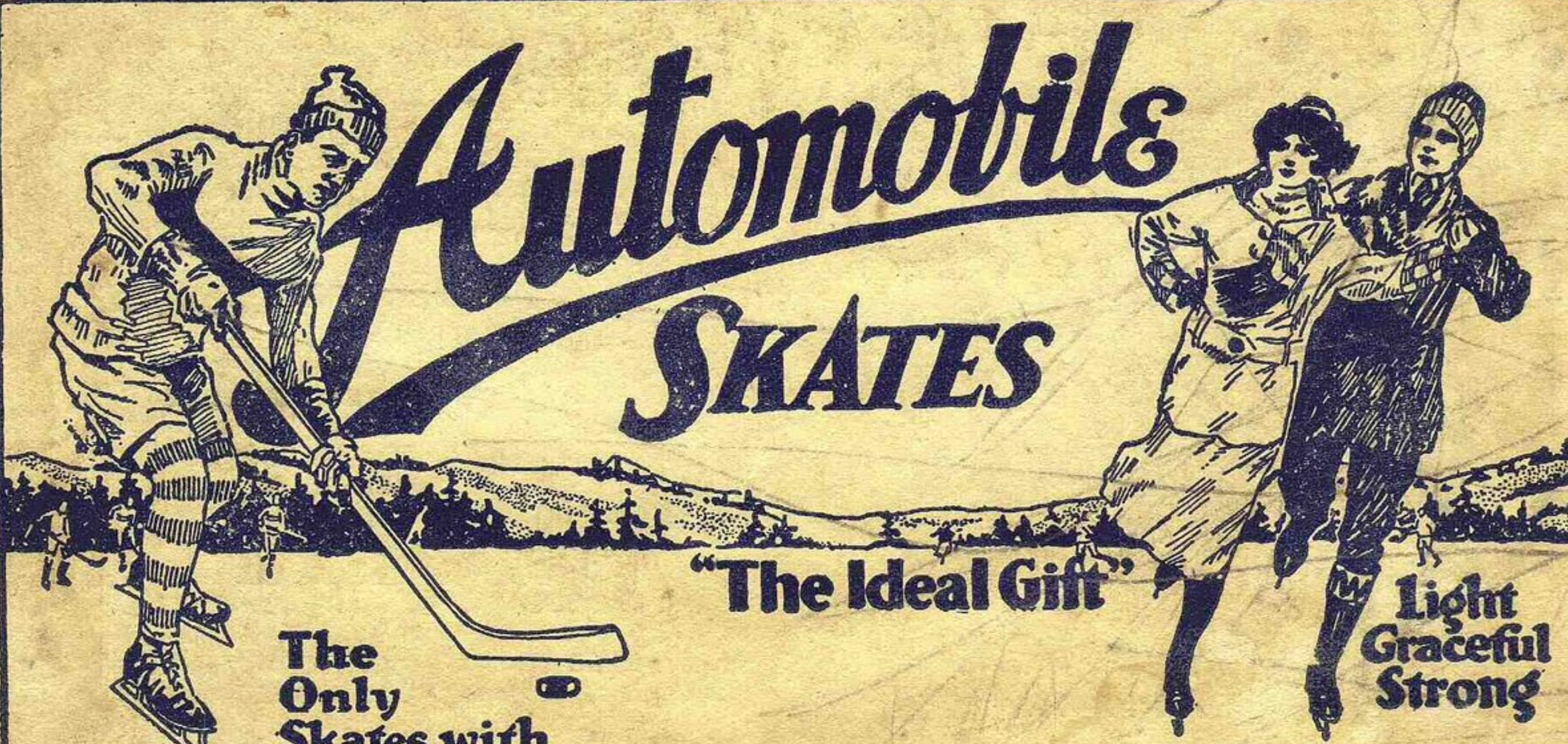
C. WARDLAW
E. WARDLAW
W. WHITMORE
C. WALLACE
M. B. WATSON
H. L. WILSON

PUBLIC SCHOOL HONOR ROLL (116 names)

*L. S. ALLEN	G. IRVINE
*R. J. ALLEN	O. KINGDOM
J. P. ALLEN	G. M. LYONS
J. B. BARKER	H. LYNCH
W. BELL	H. LINDSAY
F. BURKETT	T. LINDSAY
C. BROOKES	G. LACEBY
A. BROWN	H. LACEBY
F. L. BULL	A. LYNCH
R. BRIGGS	A. MORNINGSTAR
J. BARTON	C. MUNSHAW
W. BARTON	NURSING SISTER
J. BULL	KATE MUNSHAW
J. BEST	G. MOODY
J. C. BOYLAN	F. G. MATTISON
A. CUNNINGHAM	J. H. MATTISON
S. CHAPMAN	G. MATTISON
J. COULTER	J. McCULLOUGH
B. CONNACHER	K. McKETTERICK
A. CONNACHER	D. McKETTERICK
ROY COULTER	W. McLEAN
R. COULTER	D. MacMILLAN
C. COULTER	T. McLELLAN
H. CHARLTON	C. NOBLE
J. COLHOUN	R. O'MEARA
B. CHARBONEAU	B. PARRY
A. CHARBONEAU	G. PORTER
H. COOKE	*BERT PARRY
S. COOKE	H. E. PEAREN
H. COUSINS	*W. F. PEAREN
J. CUNNINGHAM	*S. PRITCHARD
*B. L. CUMPSTON	J. PEACE
*G. CAMPBELL	C. PRATT
*R. CONRON	R. PRATT
R. H. J. CODD	F. W. ROWNTREE
C. DELWORTH	H. ROWNTREE
A. DAINES	C. ROWNTREE
E. DOE	F. ROWNTREE
GEO. DODGSON	W. RODWELL
L. DRAPER	G. ROBERTS
H. FITZPATRICK	T. SMITH
G. FARR	L. SMITH
P. FALLIS	P. SMITH
R. FERGUSON	I. STANLEY
L. FORSYTH	H. STEWART
T. GANDY	F. SIMPSON
W. GARDHOUSE	R. STEWART
R. HESLOP	R. TEALE
H. HOLMES	E. TEALE
G. HADDON	A. TEALE
W. HADDON	E. VANDEVORD
*G. HAMILTON	E. WEBSTER
F. HAMILTON	E. WARDLAW
H. HAMILTON	C. WARDLAW
C. HILL	A. WARDLAW
A. HILL	H. WESTPHAL
R. HILL	*E. WITTY
B. IRWIN	*A. WADE
R. IRVINE	

KILLED

*L. S. ALLEN	*G. HAMILTON
*R. J. ALLEN	*E. MORGAN
*A. BAGG	*R. M. G. McRAE
*G. CAMPBELL	*BERT PARRY
*H. COOK	*W. F. PEAREN
*R. CONRON	*S. PRITCHARD
*B. L. CUMPSTON	*E. WITTY
*O. GARBUTT	*ALLAN WADE



**Automobile
SKATES**

"The Ideal Gift"

The Only Skates with

Aluminum Tops

Light Graceful Strong

The illustration depicts a winter scene on an outdoor ice skating rink. On the left, a hockey player in a striped jersey and helmet is in a ready stance, holding a hockey stick. On the right, a man and a woman are skating together; the woman is wearing a light-colored dress and the man is in a dark suit. The background shows a line of trees and a distant building under a pale sky. The entire advertisement is framed by a thin black border.